

## The wind in times of corona

Wind sensors measure the winds direction and speed based on ultrasound. What we feel is measured through what we can not hear.

Today is a windy day. I am sitting in a room, says Alvin Lucier in his sound piece from 1969 and records and re-records his voice until it loses focus and becomes all blurry. During these times, our rooms is our most familiar environment. The piece has anew gained inspirational potential and became the name for a multidimensional platform channeling thoughts and reflections that have arisen from our current state of home isolation.

The outside resonates differently. The wind is what distinguishes the enclosed sphere of our home, the inside from the outside. It is the irregular flow that makes us aware of the fluctuating intensity of our surrounding, destabilizes our being in place. The stronger the wind, the greater the feeling of uncontrollability and vulnerability. Wind, in its tumultuous dimension is a passive experience. Similar to a state of dizziness, wind is a state of absolute motion, a state without hold.

The exhibition Il Giardino focuses on the garden as the realm of desire in times of quarantine. Where we can feel the wind, we feel connected. It is taking place in the garden around an apartment building, which has taken on a new meaning as a semi-public space, as meeting place. Where social distancing has evolved to the guideline of our daily lives, it reflects about the place of art in two dimensions.

I am going to look at them, from my balcony, water it, harvest it, take care and share it.

Where we find ourselves in a situation, where we constantly have to negotiate our impulse to go outside in order to enjoy the breeze beyond duties and our sense of social responsibility, it brings the artworks outside - as a common point of view. Both the view from the windows of the house and from our instagram accounts share their mediation and a distance, which provides the space for longing.

It is the same tension of desire that arises in between the many dualities that increasingly encircle us in the current situation, shaping new patterns of categorisation that will possibly affect us a long time ahead. Healthy or non-healthy, contagious or non-infectious, immune or non-immune, old or young, pre-corona and after-corona, stay inside, avoid the outside.

Is translucency outdated or did it just cease out of focus? The window, the balcony, the wind and the garden are all spaces in-between and their relevance moved to the heart of the moment.

The garden is a subtle form of delimitation just as translucent enough not to be completely confined. It is vantage point and setting at the same time, the place from where to see and to be seen, perceived and acknowledged beyond digital infinities.

Sitting in the garden, the perspective on the world opens up. The garden guides my view. Although already outside, my thoughts move to the outside of the outside, the world beyond the garden, after the garden comes the field, after the field, the forest, after the forest the railway tracks. After the railroad tracks is a lake. All these are directions whose way is unimportant. It is movement that makes them what they are. Where would I go?

While interiors are designed around us, build on the patterns around our movement, are moved by us, the outside reacts differently. Even in the garden as domestic part of nature, slippages remain, the fractious persists. The natural environment cannot be apprehended in rooms, meters, categories - rather, our senses perceive gradations and intensities, perceive a bright day or a cloudy day, a vibrate breeze or an unsettling blast. What surrounds us is never the same and at the same time never different, but in a constant state of change within itself. It varies. In this sphere - unlike within the interior - the body is not a parameter, but an interruption, an obstacle, a diversion. The grass under my feet bends, cracks when it is cold. The wind surrounds us, embraces us, nestles up, passes us in curves.

Wind thus becomes the sign for our connection to the world, the porosity of our own reality. The touch of the wind becomes a sudden sign of our own being alive, making us understand that the world does not stand still, but that everything is in constant motion. That is why there is no before or after, no now and then, no either or - just as the tree, that has its origins somewhere and somewhen I can't imagine, makes me

understand. It is not about how Corona will change us - but which of our characteristics it brings to the fore and how aware we will be about the potentials it opens up in order to change them. What will we take with us and what will we forget? How will this current situation affect our sense of collectivity?

The wind expresses the permeability of time and space and proposes an idea of thinking in intensities, the potentials of a translucency that recognises the importance of the in-between. This ability of the wind is not measurable, but tactile. There is no more inside and outside. The wrong or right is to be considered individually, while we all have to understand, that we are connected.